[1.]

A SATYR AGAINST Common-Wealths.

Fallitur egregio quiſquis ſub principe credit
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam ſub rege pio. Claudian. *de* laudibus Stiliconis.

LONDON,

Printed for *Joſeph Hindmarſh* Bookſeller to his Royal Highneſs, and *Francis Hicks*, Bookſeller in *Cambridge*, 1684.

A

SATYR

AGAINST

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A PREFACE TO THE READER.

IN vain do we give Kings the pompous Titles of Great and Mighty: In vain has Heaven allotted them a Power, resembling that of its own, free and uncontrolable, if like Billiard-Table Kings they are onely set up to be ſhaken and thrown down by the ſaucy touches of their humble Vaſſals. If their Authority has ſuch confinements, as ſome Men would have us perſuaded it has, Princes are at beſt but glittering Pageants, all the profeſſions of ſteady Loyalty but ſolemn impertinencies, and Heaven it ſelf is a ſharer in the gaudy Deluſion. It is not long ſince this Iſle was reckon'd amongſt the blackeſt inſtances of Treaſon and Rebellion, when the beſt of Kings and the beſt of Men fell by the rude violence of a conſecrated Axe; ever ſince we have felt the unfortunate conſequences of that diſmal Blow; a Blow which like that that was given to the Worlds great Redeemer, rent the Vail of the Church of England in two, abaliſh'd all its pious Canons, and made them give place to the New-fangled Whimſies of Religious Hypocrites; a fact ſo horrid and unexampled, that if we may believe Salmaſius, Cui ſimile nec præterita ſecula vidêrunt, nec ventura forſitan videbunt. All this was done under the flattering diſguiſes of Religion, by Men who had the impudence to boaſt of a more than ordinary Inſpiration, and who pretended to have received more light from Heaven, than that ſs whom the Antients fondly accuſed for drinking up the Moon, who

could throw themselves into all the Postures of Religion, with as great facility as a Skilfull Tumbler can act the Italian *Strades, and with a sort of popular Piety cheated three Nations into a belief, that whatsoever they did, was highly lawful, so true is that which* Machiavel *says,* fere omnes homines magis specie, & colore rerum, quàm rebus ipsis permoventur & judicant. *In vain do our learned Tribe go about to reclaim these Men by dint of Argument, all their sober reasonings are to them but important Trifles, and were always accounted too weak baits to catch the Carpes of* Geneva *Lake. And who I pray would take the pains to convince a* Taylor *by a Syllogism, who perhaps after the consummation of a pair of Breeches, creeps into a* Coffee-House, *where after he has lin'd his Pallet with that factious juice, he looks upon his long and limber Fingers to have been contriv'd by Nature for the handling of a Scepter, and curses the bitter fates that had dwindled it into a Needle, away he goes home, and performs the Offices of distributive Justice upon his Apprentices shoulders, and fanties every piece of Parchment cut from an old Bond to make his measures withal, little less to be than clippings from of* Magna Charta. *Such a Knave as this deserves no other Logick than what the Pillory can afford him, to make his Ears pay for the petulancy of his Tongue. Another sort of Man there is, whom in the Country Language we may call* Substantial, *who perhaps has got fourscore pounds a year, and joys in having a little Dove-coat annex'd to his Farm-house, who is famous all over the Neighbouring Villages for his little Chesnut Mare, who in a Race at a late Wake signalized her self by distancing a Cart-horse; such a Man as this you can never convince by dint of Argument, he tells you roundly that at the first opportunity he'l draw his Yard and half of Rapier to defend his Religion and rusty Bacon from the rude insults of Arbitrary Power: You would laugh in your Sleeve (if you have any) to hear his brisk and debonair reasonings, about the Authority of the* Commons *of* England, *and you cannot imagine with what deference and regard he is entertain'd amongst the Mobile, because he gives them to know the transactions of State, and fills the whole Lordship with News; 'tis odds but you shall see him at the next Election of a Knight of the Shire, brandishing in his Campagn Coat and Mountero, at the head of a Troop of Dapper-Day-Labourers, on whom prodigal Fortune has munificently bestow'd two pounds a*

Year,

Year, and who with complicated Intereſts are ſtriving to ſet up their Idol Repreſentative. *Now the defections of ſuch a Man as this from the Principles of Loyalty, we cannot think to obviate by the moſt improved reaſonings; his Prejudices ſtop up all the Avenues of his Soul, hindring the leaſt beam of Truth to enter in, and enlighten his Underſtanding: his too fervent Zeal for his Principles will not give him the leiſure to be convinced, and his ignorance baffles all the attempts of Reaſon: as he does not take up any Opinion for the Affinity it bears to Truth, ſo neither does he relinguiſh any for its oppoſition to the ſame, if his intereſt invites him he eaſily accords with any thing, and his Reaſon finds no regrets in entertaining a profitable Error: as you cannot diſengage him from his miſtakes, ſo neither can you ſettle him in a Truth, although you bring all the Credentials of a firm Demonſtration, and the reaſon is, becauſe a Diſcourſe to him is no more than it is to a School-Boy, the jingling of a Noun and Verb together. If then any thing will do, it muſt be* Satyr, *and we may if we obſerve, find in the dulleſt apprehenſions a quicker reſentment of a Jeſt than of an Argument, the one renders that ridiculous, which the other perhaps cannot make appear to be falſe, and* Satyrs *are like thoſe* Indian *Apes, of whom I have read, that when* Alexander *came into thoſe parts, They ſtraight rally'd their deformed Squadrons, rank'd themſelves in Battalia, camp'd and decamp'd with all the moving Solemnities of a real Army, and brought greater affronts upon that all-conquering Army with their Martial Grimaces, than all the force of* Darius *and* Parus, *I have made the Compariſon, let ſome courteous Reader make out the Application. For this cauſe it is that I have ridicul'd all the* Commonwealths *that lay in my way, from great old* Rome *to little modern* Geneva; *What I have ſaid on this Theam, if the Peruſer be not too phlegmatick, muſt needs create in him ſome faſtidious thoughts of that way of Governing. More eſpecially I have hinted at our late pretended Republican Powers, and in particular at their monſtrous innovations about Religions; where I have let any thing ſlip from my Pen, that may ſeem extravagant, I hope it will not be look'd upon as an unruly Effort of my own, but onely as an endeavour to expoſe the Giddy* Enthuſiaſts *of thoſe times. I ſhall ſay nothing neither as to the matter or manner of the Verſe, I know the whole* Poem *will labour under the imputations of uneaſie roughneſs, yet I could never imagine that ſmoothneſs ſhould be ſo*

absolutely necessary in the dressing up of a Satyr; *it always seeming to me as disagreeable to see a* Satyr *Cloath'd in soft and effeminate Language, as to see a Woman scold and vent her self in* Billings-gate *Rhetorick in a gentile and advantageous Garb. I have no more to say, onely to desire the Reader to be as favourable as he can to the first endeavours of an unexperienc'd Pen, which is all from*

H. P.

A SATYR AGAINST Common-Wealths.

(1)

I'LE not forbear--for who can longer ſtay
When Loyal Muſes bid me not delay
But nodding promiſe an auſpicious way?
Thus *Cæſar* once Heaven's anger to attone
Beck'nd to, by a God, paſs'd *Rubicon*,
To ſcourge his own Republick, haughty *Rome*.
A Commonwealth! curſe on that nauſeous name
Which from the Devil with damnation came;
He firſt ſet up the curs'd reforming Trade,
And boldly ſought Heaven's Empire to invade;
Till blaſted by *Joves* Thunder, down he fell,
State-holder to the Commonwealth of Hell.
'Tis a poor ſneaking form of Government;
Kings, Gods: but they, the People repreſent;
Here Men with ſwinging Trowſers awe.
And divine Collar-bands give Law.
Tell me my Muſe for thou knows beſt
---- Is it not worth a Jeſt?
To ſee a pair of Repreſentatives
Leaving their charge of Children, and their Wives,
Who th' other day in their nown Country ſate
As Referees about a broken pate?

And talk'd Sedition over Table-Beer
At the Next Seſſions ſtreight appear
To manage Government's grand Affair?
Would it not make a Stoick laugh to ſee
Thoſe Men of mickle Glee,
Who in their Pariſh-Church all their devotion owe
To a fring'd Cuſhion or a matted Pew,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd of the Church-militant,
By a gilt Bible or *Alma Mater*'s print?
And 'mongſt the Rout for Devotees do paſs,
'Cauſe their Devotion's height'nd by their baſs,
At the next opening of a Parliament,
Loudly diſpute about Church-government;
And with grave Speeches, tell you to an hair
Where lies the Placket of the *Roman* Whore.
Nay and unravel, with the greateſt eaſe
Raſh *Calvin*'s Myſtical Decrees.
Can tell the Intrigues of the Celeſtial Powers;
And open Heaven as a Cheſt of Drawers:
In this Box, they give out the Elect muſt lye,
In that Reprobates damn'd to Eternity.

Laſh *Satyr*, laſh with furies hiſſing Snake
Thoſe Knaves, who kill'd their King for Conſcience-ſake.
'Twas Conſcience was the fatal Dog and Bell
That led thoſe blinded Bigots down to Hell.
In outward Show they hated worldly Coin,
Yet Conſcience ſtill, like *Chriſtmas*-Box, took in
Cavaliers Feaſters, and without a Sin.
They us'd the cutting Hanger of the Spirit;
As *Switz* his Sword for Money, not for Merit.
Had they ſeen *Jove* when *Danae*'s lap he wet
With Golden Showers, to Heav'en he near had got,
Tho a God, to *Guinies* he had turn'd him ſtreight.
They made a Golden Calf without a Sin;
Each Attribute had a *Jacobus* been.
Conſcience in them was very free, and kind,
It was the Spaniel dictate of the Mind
That leap'd for every thing, that Rump ordain'd.

What

What ever Government was fram'd by Fate,
Shock fetch'd and carried ſtill the Glove of State;
O Conſcience! Conſcience! what thou art I'le tell;
Thou art the Goodman's Gooſe, that with each yell,
When Danger's nigh, ſaves the Souls Capitol.
Thou art the bad Man's * Peak, that ſtraightway turns
All the Souls ſofter dictates, into ſtones.
Like the prodigious *Hebrews* Rod,
That turn'd the *Ægyptian* Waters all to blood.

* A River Famous for it's petrifying quality.

(3)

From *Presbyter* to *Independent* paſs:
We'l throw ſome Grains in *Nol* the Brewer's Face,
'Tis true he'd have his Beer both old, and ſtrong,
But his Religion always new and Young.
H' abus'd the Catholick Faith in pious mock,
And Primitive Religion, ſtil'd old Hoc.
Yet for all his Zeal, to reform the Rout,
He always wore a Popiſh Snout;
The red upon his Noſe as Poets tell;
Look'd like what we a Scarlet Hood do call,
Couchant on Surplice Theological.
Not in Hell his Noſe more piercing flames could find
Tipt with damnation, while on Earth he reign'd:
Prometheus did not his whole Man inſpire,
His Noſe onely was damask'd with that fire.

(4)

This *England* once was thy unhappy State,
When beſt of Monarchs felt the worſt of Fate.
When they had ſent the Martyr to his grave,
They threw hey jinks what Government they'd have:
They Fillip'd up what Powers ſhould prevail,
And ſtead of Head the Counter threw up Tail,
For proof of which, to the *Engliſh* Rump was given,
A pair of Span-new Breeches, ſent from Heaven.
Theſe were their Arms, by which a Man may gueſs,
Codpiece, and Conſcience was the *Good old Cauſe*.

Long had the *Engliſh* Nation been
Fed with the *Manna* of a Monarch's Reign;
Long had one Diſh, their cravings ſatisfi'd,
Their weak and ſqueamiſh Stomachs cloy'd,
At laſt, their vitious Palats, not content,
Would have an *Ollio* of Government:
Something of every thing they crave,
An *Anarchy* or nothing they would have.
The Gods, who never puniſh with remorſe,
Gave 'em their wiſh, although they wiſh'd a Curſe.
'Stead of the *Royal Oak*, which long had ſtood,
The top, the glory, of the Wood:
From off the *Poplar* Tree, the giddy Rout
Wedg'd their blockiſh Sovereigns out.
From thence they hew'd thoſe Logs of Power,
And whittl'd Scepters, as you whittle Scures.
A brace of Patriots from each County ſent,
Sate like the Ghoſts of deceas'd Government.
And without the Houſe of Lords-----
Made but a *Rigdel* Parliament.
Theſe Ap'd their Sovereign with as good a meen
As *Dives*'s *Guinies* did the Lawful Coin.
They rob'd the Land, by Wars before decay'd,
And whilſt they robb'd they wept and pray'd,
T' attone the mighty ſin they fait in Tears,
They pray'd by Sabbaths and rebell'd by Years.
Thus the Gods puniſh'd *Charles*'s Foes,
Thus the Gods reparteed all their rebellious Vows.

(5)

Tame *Tarquin!* that ſo eaſily was won
To part with all the ſplendours of a Crown;
Unking'd he fell in Age and Glory green,
When *Rome* was Young and in her Teens.
The *Latin* Rebels puſh'd him from his Throne,
And put a brace of Conſuls in his Room:
Theſe clubbing in Conjunction did diſpence
Like Planets their united influence.
A Snivelling Peer that lov'd his Spouſe too well,
Rather than be a Cuckold would rebell;

For's

For's Country's ſake he thought it was no ſin:
For well knew he
That Petticoat and Property
With the ſame Letters did begin.
Lucrece the Chaſt, the Fair, of Noble blood
Would not be buſs'd for all that's good,
She would not truckle to her Loves decree,
She would not kiſs, poor heart, not ſhe.
Bravely the Noble *Doxy* ſtrove,
Though at laſt forc'd to pay her Tax of Love.
When the laſcivious Scene was done,
And the Slut ſaw ſhe was not made a Queen,
She tore her Hair and dainty Quoif,
With a ſharp Ponyard ended all the ſtrife,
And quickly did the little job of life.
For this the *Roman* Bullies ſeiz'd his Crown,
For this they threw the mighty Lecher down,
And in his ſtead two Conſuls fill'd the Chair,
Almanack Kings that laſted but a Year:
They and their Senate all reform'd anew
From Cit and Bumkin to the Nobler Crew.
The Alphabet it ſelf was croſt,
The Letters that made *Rex* were loſt
And *S. P. Q.* did Rule the Roaſt;
At laſt their Civil Wars made ſuch a ſtir,
They were forc'd to accept the Kingly Power
A Monarch of three Syllables an Emperour.

Letters that often occur in *Roman* Hiſtory for *Senatus populuſque.*

(6)

Speak out *Venetian* Punk, thou that do'ſt prate
Of a Republick of ſo long a date;
An Idle Common-wealth, that has
Theſe ſeveral hundred years been making Glaſs!
Each puny Mortal there, pretends to Power,
A calcin'd Cobler makes a Senator.
A Covie of Iſlands ſeated in the Sea,
Make up this proud *Venetiæ*:
'Mongſt th' *Quæ-Genus*-Monſters ſhe is found,
Onely in th' Plural ſenſe declin'd;
Some bits of Earth from th' Continent purloyn'd

Make up the Wonders of that place;
Famous for Bawds, and mighty pretty Lace;
Each ſuppliant Punk unto her Lord does pay
The glorious Tribute of Poynt-veny.
Each Senator for's Crown a Thimble takes;
And Hieroglyphick Bobbings Scepters makes.
A Duke they have, God-wot, ſo low in ſtock,
That his Toes ſtink for want of Royal Sock.
His ſtingy Meals, hardly deſerve a Rhime,
He keeps an excellent Houſe in Peaſ-cod-time;
At ſecond hand he buys his Cloaths,
And runs on Tick for Hoſe and Shoes:
Scarcely odd Money they allow the Crotchet,
To keep the Devil out of's Pocket.

(7)

Stand off you little dwindling States, make room
Holland the Buttock of the World is come
Although not half ſo generous as the Bum
That freſhly does diſcharge it's nat'ral load
Relieves the hungry Earth with dung and food:
But they like greedy Leaches ſtill ſuck in
They drink, and eat, and drink again,
Till like them too You'd think they'd burſt their skin
They love their ranſack'd, ſordid Pelf ſo well
That their Low Countries may be reck'ond Hell
Pluto and they in the ſame Region dwell.
Frugal they are beyond all meaſure,
They'l damn their very Souls for Treaſure.
They hate free ſpending as they hate Free-grace
And count it fond Arminianiſm in Purſe
Their *Dortiſh* Synod has determin'd thus.
For Gold they ſearch the World and traverſe *Indies*,
For Sickly Earth that has the Jaundies;
They'l change their *Athanaſian* Faith
For a Rich Diamond or an Elephants Tooth:
Give 'em a *China* Diſh or *Perſian* Cap,
They'l ſtreight turn *Turks* and *Nice* for *Mecca* ſwap;
Of an *Engliſh* Herring they make no bones,
Their Commonwealth conſiſts of Milts and Roanes;

The Apoſtles here in great eſteem are had
Onely becauſe they practis'd fiſhing Trade,
Theſe Knaves thoſe pious Anglers imitate,
And boldly *Britiſh* Gudgeons captivate.
To let you ſee what good they wiſh
Unto the Commonwealth of Fiſh,
Elziver prints with greateſt care he can
Fiſhmonger *Hobs*'s great *Leviathan*,
A Book which proves Men to be Whales,
A ſtate of Nature ſtuck with finns and ſcales,
They are a People fit for *Satyr*,
Their *Low Countries* are no better,
Than the Pudenda of modeſt Nature.
Thoſe *Netherlands* of which they boaſt,
Are but Creation below the Waſte.

(8)

Cold *Switzers* that amongſt your other ills
Have planted a Republick upon Hills;
Their Snow that on their Mountains lies,
Gives them kib'd Heels and Conſciences;
That cold and dirty Clime puts them hard to't,
They Ne'r can make a Law without their Boot,
Neither do Juſtice without riding Coat.
They fetch all their Dictators from the Plow,
Who ſcarcely any other Purple know,
But when with Froſts their fire burns blew.
A Cold and barren Soil's the reaſon why,
Kind Heaven ne'r thaws 'em into Monarchy.
'Tis ſtrange that there a Commonwealth ſhould thrive,
Or that republick Weeds or Alps ſhould live.
Theſe Men ſo much extoll'd by Fame,
At firſt from *Hannibal*'s Vinegar bottle came;
When he to cut an eaſier way did uſe
That acid, peeviſh, and ill-natur'd juice,
The riggling Animals that thence did riſe
Leap'd into Men, and made this brutiſh Race.

(9)

Of all the Commonwealths of greateſt Fame
Once more ſtep forth *Romulian* Dame

Let your Rebublick Conſuls if they can,
Match the Victorious *Macedonian*,
A King, wheſe actions ſpake him more than Man.
Sauny the great who 'th Race of Men ſubdued,
Conquer'd the World was drunk and ſpu'd.
To th' furtheſt Eaſt he ſpread his Victories,
His glories ſet where the Sun's Glories riſe;
A fight to him was but a drinking bout,
With his Enemies lives he paid the ſhot,
Their Veins like Pitchers emptied out,
He grudg'd over one World tipling to ſtand,
He wou'd have drunk a dozen in a hand.
Finely faith he firkt the *Perſian* Ninny,
Whoſe Father got his Kingdom by a Whinny,
Mounted on *Buceph'lus* this Bully Crack'd to ride
Inch and half-ſtone with any King beſide,
Match him all *Latium*, match him if you can,
Conſuls you had when Commonwealths began,
Conquer'd a luſt or two but ne'er a Man.
Poplicola of whom fame ſpeaks ſo loud
Demoliſh'd his Farm-houſe to pleaſe the Croud,
To pull it down he thought 'twas beſt,
Cauſe 'twas a Cock-loft higher than the reſt.
For theſe and ſuch like things by *Livy* told,
Amongſt records of Fame he ſtands enroll'd.

(10)

All hail *Geneva!* to thy Lake all health,
Whom *Calvin* made a Common-wealth:
Calvin a Biſhop grudg'd to ſee
Lord it in Robes of Soveraignty.
He puſh'd the Miter'd Moppet from his Throne,
He threw the mighty Lawn-ſleeves down:
Biſhop and Bible both believe me,
Got a Tranſlation at *Geneva*.
She cleanſed away the filthy Rags of *Rome*,
Landreſs ſhe was to the Whore of *Babylon*;
With Goſpel-Soap ſhe purg'd her Popiſh ſins,
Stifned her Rites and ſtarch'd her Diſciplines;
Women reform'd there at their will,
Women the ſtrapping ſect that ſpells ſo ill.

The City Dames more zealous far than wiſe
Put the *Apocrypha* under their Pies,
And made Bumfodder of the *Maccabees*.
Judith they forc'd to ſtop a broken pane,
And gave *Holofernes* his Head again.
Chriſt-croſs out of their Alphabet they turn'd
Each Babe an Horn-book had *true Proteſtant*.
Tell me Religious Royſters, tell me now
Why you are ſo angry when the Organs blow?
Our thoughts like *Theban* Stones diſorder'd lie,
Till that Religious Harmony
Shapes and cements them into Unity.
I hate that Common-wealth of all the worſt,
I hate their Prick-ear'd Senate and their Prieſts,
Who love a common Whore,
But hate the Common-Prayer.

Fain would I know eternal Dunces why
You hate the Godlike ſway of Monarchy?
A Government in Heaven allow'd,
Where the bright Monarch makes his Throne a Cloud,
And gently aws the Angelick lovely Croud.
Where *Cherubins* like glorious Muſes ſit,
And praiſe the Almighty Power in numbers fit,
In the Seraphick ſtrains of heavenly Wit.
Groſly then muſt they err who do affirm,
That Common-wealths are of an heavenly Stem,
And make an Hans-town of the *New Jeruſalem*.
No, baſe Republicks you can n'er agree
With that delightful Unity.
Your tide of Rule runs in divided ſtreams.
Glow-worms of Power, you ſhine in ſep'rate beams.
I hate that gaudy *Sanhedrim* of Lights,
Who by Gommittees rule the Nights;
I mean the Stars, whoſe ſhort Commiſſions run
All in the Name of the departed Sun.
Give me the glittering Monarch of the Day;
At whoſe approach thoſe Tapers ſneak away.

He reigns by Day and all the Night he drinks,
He sips and Revels on the Ocean's brinks,
And like a Monarch never shrinks.

The Epilogue being an Anti-Republican Catch.

(1)

Let the Speculative Sot,
Who thinks and lives not,
Tell the World what paps *Alma-mater* has got;
Let him if he please his Appetite bilk,
And *Huzza* the King's Health in a glass of her Milk:
From the Nipples of the Vine (the wiser do know)
That a brisk and more generous liquor do's flow.

(2)

Would you be a Bard Sir,
Of any regard Sir?
Believe me Wine is the best Crambo word Sir.
Homer was drunk as e'r Son of a Woman was,
When he Hickupt so often ἀπαμειβόμενος,
And the old *Greekish* Rhimer had been dabling in Claret,
When he made that reeling Verse we call *Pindarick*.

(3)

A Pox of old *Noll*,
Who our Barrels did toll,
And excis'd each Caviliers affluent Bowl.
To be reveng'd of him, and his Council of *Asses*,
Let's break on the Table all Common-wealth glasses,
Boy, take that *Venice* Glass to Republican Saints;
We'll drink the King's Health in true *English* Flints.

F I N I S.

134230